

Or by the worth of mine eternall Soule,
Thou had'st bin better haue bin borne a Dog,
Then answer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to see't: or (at the least) so proue it,
That the probation beare no Hindge, nor Loope,
To hang a doubt on: Or woe vpon thy life.

Iago. My Noble Lord.

Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,
Neuer pray more: Abandon all remorse,
On Horrors head, Horrors accumulate:
Do deeds to make Heauen weepe, all Earth amaz'd;
For nothing canst thou to damnation adde,
Greater then that.

Iago. O Grace! O Heauen forgive me!

Are you a Man? Haue you a Soule? or Sense?
God buy you: take mine Office. Oh wretched Foole,
That lou'st to make thine Honesty, a Vice!
Oh monstrous world! Take note, take note (O World)
To be direct and honest, is not safe.

I thanke you for this profit, and from hence
Ile loue no Friend, sith Loue breeds such offence.

Oth. Nay stay: thou should'st be honest.

Iago. I should be wise; for Honesty's a Foole,
And looses that it workes for.

Oth. By the World,

I thinke my Wife be honest, and thinke she is not:
I thinke that thou art iust, and thinke thou art not:
Ile haue some prooue. My name that was as fresh
As *Dians* Visage, is now begrim'd and blacke
As mine owne face. If there be Cords, or Knives,
Poyson, or Fire, or suffocating steames,
Ile not indure it. Would I were satisfied.

Iago. I see you are eaten vp with Passion:

I do repent me, that I put it to you.

You would be satisfied?
Oth. Would? Nay, and I will.

Iago. And may: but how? How satisfied, my Lord?
Would you the super-vision grossely gaze on?
Behold her top'd?

Oth. Death, and damnation. Oh!

Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I thinke,
To bring them to that Prospect: Damne them then,
If euer mortall eyes do see them bouldster
More then their owne. What then? How then?

What shall I say? Where's Satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as Goates, as hot as Monkeyes,
As salt as Wolues in pride, and Fooles as grosse
As Ignorance, made drunke. But yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances,
Which leade directly to the doore of Truth,
Will giue you satisfaction, you might haue't.

Oth. Giue me a liuing reason she's disloyall.

Iago. I do not like the Office.
But sith I am entr'd in this cause so farre
(Prick'd to't by foolish Honesty, and Loue)
I will go on: I lay with *Cassio* lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleepe. There are a kinde of men,
So loose of Soule, that in their sleepes will mutter
Their Affayres: one of this kinde is *Cassio*:
In sleepe I heard him say, sweet *Desdemona*,
Let vs be wary, let vs hide our Loues,
And then (Sir) would he gripe, and wring my hand:
Cry, oh sweet Creature: then kisse me hard,

As if he pluckt vp kisses by the rootes,
That grew vpon my lippes, laid his Leg ore my Thigh,
And sigh, and kisse, and then cry curst Fate,
That gaue thee to the Moore.

Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his Dreame.

Oth. But this denoted a fore-gone conclusion,
'Tis a shrew'd doubt, though it be but a Dreame.

Iago. And this may helpe to thicken other proofes,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. Ile teare her all to peeces.

Iago. Nay yet be wise; yet we see nothing done,
She may be honest yet: Tell me but this,
Haue you not sometimes seene a Handkerchiefe
Spotted with Strawberies, in your wifes hand?

Oth. I gaue her such a one: 'twas my first gift.

Iago. I know not that: but such a Handkerchiefe
(I am sure it was your wifes) did I to day
See *Cassio* wipe his Beard with.

Oth. If it be that,

Iago. If it be that, or any, it was here.

It speaks against her with the other proofes.

Othel. O that the Slaue had forty thousand liues:
One is too poore, too weake for my reuenge.

Now do I see 'tis true. Looke here *Iago*,
All my fond loue thus do I blow to Heauen. 'Tis gone,
Arise blacke vengeance, from the hollow hell,
Yeeld vp (O Loue) thy Crowne, and heate'd Throne
To tyrannous Hate. Swellosome with thy fraught,
For 'tis of Aspickes tongues.

Iago. Yet be content.

Oth. Oh blood, blood, blood.

Iago. Patience I say: your minde may change.

Oth. Neuer *Iago*. Like to the Ponticke Sea,
Whose Icie Current, and compulsiue course,
Neu'r keepe's retyring ebbe, but keepe's due on
To the Proponticke, and the Hellespore:
Euen so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace
Shall neu'r looke backe, neu'r ebbe to humble Loue,
Till that a capeable, and wide Reuenge
Swallow them vp. Now by yond Marble Heauen,
In the due reuerence of a Sacred vow,
I heere engage my words.

Iago. Do not rise yet:

Witness you euer-burning Lights above,
You Elements, that clip vs round about,
Witness that heere *Iago* doth giue vp
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd *Othello's* Seruice. Let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,
What bloody businesse euer.

Oth. I greet thy loue,

Not with vaine thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will vpon the instant put thee too't.
Within these three dayes let me heare thee say,
That *Cassio's* not aliue.

Iago. My Friend is dead:

'Tis done at your Request.
But let her liue.

Oth. Damne her lewde Mix:

O damne her, damne her.

Come go with me a-part, I will withdraw
To furnish me with some swift meanes of death
For the faire Diuell.

Now art thou my Lieutenant.

Iago. I am your owne for euer.

Exeunt.

Scena

Scena Quarta.

Enter *Desdemona*, *Emilia*, and *Clown*.

Des. Do you know Sirrah, where Lieutenant *Cassio*
lyes?

Clow. I dare not say he lies any where.

Des. Why man?

Clow. He's a Soldier, and for me to say a Souldier lies,
'tis stabbing.

Des. Go too: where lodges he?

Clow. To tell you where he lodges, is to tel you where
I lye.

Des. Can any thing be made of this?

Clow. I know not where he lodges, and for mee to de-
tise a lodging, and say he lies heere, or he lies there, were
to lye in mine owne throat.

Des. Can you enquire him out? and be edified by re-
port?

Clow. I will Catechize the world for him, that is, make
Questions, and by them answer.

Des. Seeke him, bidde him come hither: tell him, I
haue moou'd my Lord on his behalfe, and hope all will
be well.

Clow. To do this, is within the compasse of mans Wit,
and therefore I will attempt the doing it. Exit *Clow*.

Des. Where should I loose the Handkerchiefe, *Emilia*?

Emil. I know not Madam.

Des. Beleue me, I had rather haue lost my purse
Full of Cruzadoes, And but my Noble Moore
Is true of minde, and made of no such basenesse,
As ialous Creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill-thinking.

Emil. Is he not ialous?

Des. Who, he? I thinke the Sun where he was borne,
Drew all such humors from him.

Emil. Looke where he comes.

Enter *Orbello*.

Des. I will not leaue him now, till *Cassio* be

Call'd to him. How is't with you, my Lord?

Oth. Well my good Lady. Oh hardnes to dissemble!

How do you, *Desdemona*?

Des. Well, my good Lord.

Oth. Giue me your hand.

This hand is moist my Lady.

Des. It hath felt no age, nor knowne no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulnessse, and liberall heart:

Hot, hot, and moyst. This hand of yours requires

A sequester from Liberty: Fasting, and Prayer,

Much Castigation, Exercise deuout,

For heere's a yong, and sweating Diuell heere

That commonly rebels: 'Tis a good hand,

A franke one.

Des. You may (indeed) say so:

For 'twas that hand that gaue away my heart.

Oth. A liberall hand. The hearts of old, gaue hands:

But our new Heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speake of this:

Come, now your promise.

Oth. What promise, Chucke?

Des. I haue sent to bid *Cassio* come speake with you.

Oth. I haue a salt and forry Rheume offends me:

Lend me thy Handkerchiefe.

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